

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

THE TEA-HOUSE.

BY FANNY GRAY.

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LUCY CUTLER was helping her mother finish the Saturday cleaning and baking and was rebelling in her soul. Not that she so particularly disliked the work itself, but the thought that she had to do that kind of thing after day, with not even a maid servant's wage, stirred her to anger. Her father, a prosperous farmer, could well afford to pay for it, as she knew, yet he seemed to think it was the natural and proper thing for herself and her younger sister, Florence, to scrub along, week after week, satisfied with an occasional small sum with which to buy necessities.

She had been out of high school two years, and during that time had urged upon her father to let her learn some trade or take some kind of position; or if not willing for that, at least to pay her regular wages for work in the house. But father was not modern in his ideas, and couldn't see why Lucy shouldn't be contented as she was.

Today she was feeling a bit more unhappy than usual over the situation, as a school friend, who had become a stenographer, had passed the house, bound on some Saturday afternoon pleasure, her new suit and a flash hat proclaiming her an independent earner and spender.

When Lucy finished her work, she started to walk rather aimlessly down the road to rest and cool off. Her father had just acquired, through a foreclosure, a piece of property of about two acres adjoining his land, on which was a picturesque little cottage. As she reached a place in the road opposite the new property she stopped to admire the tiny house and the old-fashioned flowers bordering the walk, as well as the climbing roses over the porch.

Just then Fred Emerson came

CONDUCTS SCHOOL OF MATRIMONY.



HERMAN H. HORNE

Marriage, sex hygiene and eugenics are taught by Horne to evening classes of men at the Evansville, Ind. Y. M. C. A.

Horne uses the language of men, citing instances where similar language was used by men of the Bible. In his first class of forty, nine were married in a year, and one, finding himself wrongly matched, broke his engagement and found a more likely mate.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

And so here I am not yet sitting up in bed, but writing a few words at a time in you, dear little new book.

A new life. I am not worrying any more about the past. My heart seems to have been swept clean of its troubles.

The first week I was horribly ill with other nausea and gas pains, but now I am all right except that I am very weak. I have not yet had one degree of fever.

My nurse said on the 14th day, "You can have anything to eat. You are not sick. All you need now is to be built up and you will be all right."

I am well, little book! I am well! And I'm never going to be unhappy again!

Today I found I could work my toes. Oh, little book, when I had Alice take off the covers so that I could see my feet, it seemed to me I had never experienced such joy in my life as when I saw my toes wiggle.

I am going to get well! I am going to walk! I am going to dance and consequently I am never going to be unhappy any more!

Someone has said that there is the closest connection between the soul and the liver and I have come to believe all one needs to be happy is to be healthy. And, little book, I'm going to be healthy. The doctor says it will take some time and I will probably get discouraged at times, but inside a year he promises me I will be as other women are.

As soon as I am well enough I am going away with Ellen for a long visit to the seashore. I have always loved the sea, and I think one of my hardest burdens to bear during the last year has been my absence from the ocean.

Poor old Dick seems to have taken on a new lease of life since the verdict has been passed that I shall get well. I am afraid something is worrying him. He is working hard but when I ask him about it he says:

"Everything is all right, dear heart, don't you think about anything but getting well."

It is wonderful to see how Mrs. Sol-

GAUDY DRAGON FLY ADORNS NEWEST HATS



BY BETTY BROWN.

The dragon fly has fluttered into fall millinery.

You will find his blue and green wings fluttering on the brim of a sailor hat, on the peak of one of those saucy little jockey caps fashion smiles

along, and the two stood there together. Fred was a hustling young chap, with quite a bank account already. He had for some time been casting longing glances in Lucy's direction, but being somewhat bashful, he had not progressed very far in his wooing.

Now, as they viewed together the snug bit of land and the house, with the "For Sale" sign against the stone wall, a thought of himself and Lucy in such a home rushed into his mind, and he wanted to give expression to it; but all he found himself saying was that it made him think of the little tea-house some women had opened the summer before in Riverside.

An idea flashed through Lucy's mind. As soon as Fred went on, she rushed back to the farmhouse and found her mother.

"Mother, what's father going to do with the Clapp house?"

"Why, nothing this year that I know of. Of course, he wants to sell it."

"Would he let me use the cottage, do you think, mother?"

"Use the cottage? For the land's sake, child, what for?"

"Well, I've got an idea. You remember when I visited Aunt Carrie last summer in Riverside? Some women set up a tea-house not half so pretty as the Clapp place and sold tea and things to motorists over there, and Aunt Carrie said they made a lot of money. I could make more here, because it's on the State road."

"Yes, I heard about them," answered her mother. "But those women had a tea-room in the city and know all about running one. You couldn't do it."

"But, mother, I wouldn't try to do as much as they did. We could just have tea and little biscuits and jam, and perhaps cake. Do you think father would let me try?"

"I don't know, Lucy, I'm sure." "You help persuade him, mother, won't you? I won't neglect the house. It will only be afternoons when we once get started."

It took considerable persuasion to make Farmer Cutler give his consent. But with mother on Lucy's side and Florence all eagerness, he finally gave in reluctantly.

"It's fool business, anyhow," was his concluding remark on the subject. "You'll be wanting to spend money on the shebang, and then it'll all peter out."

The girls worked with a will all the next week, and, contrary to prophecy, they didn't ask father for a cent. What little they had to have, Lucy spent out of a small sum she

win depends upon Dick, and how perfectly sweet he is to her. I am quite sure he loves her more than he does his own mother.

I have not been allowed yet to see anyone but Dick and Mollie but I am lying in a bower of flowers and this morning little book, I received a great box of scarlet salvia. There was no name attached—there was no need of a name. No one would send me a box of those perishable posies except Malcolm Stuart.

This morning's paper says he is going to name his new boat "Salvia." When Alice read that to me I felt myself blushing. It seemed to me that everyone must know he called me Salvia, and then I remembered no one in all the world knew but Malcolm Stuart, you, little book, and me.

Florenz Ziegfeld, whose business is to pick beautiful women for his shows, says Hazel Lewis who has been with the Follies for five years, is the perfect chorus girl.

Miss Lewis has never whiffed a cigarette nor sipped a cocktail, he says. She has brains and common sense and is not afraid to use both.

Says Ziegfeld, who has employed more girls in the chorus than any other man:

"The cocktail-drinking, cigarette-smoking chorus girl makes no hit with me. I pay Miss Lewis more than any other chorus girl in my companies. I wish I could find more like her."

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(PANSY THINKS ONCE IS MORE THAN ENOUGH.)—BY ALLMAN.

PANSY, DIDN'T I SEE THAT HUSBAND OF YOURS HANGING AROUND HERE A LITTLE WHILE AGO?

YASSUM, HE WAS TEASING ME FOR FIFTY CENTS

I SHOULD THINK HE'D GO TO WORK ONCE IN AWHILE INSTEAD OF ASKING YOU FOR MONEY

I TELL YOU MISSES DUFF, HE AM A VERY PECULIAR MAN

PANSY, IF YOU SHOULD LOSE THIS MAN, DO YOU THINK YOU WOULD EVER VENTURE INTO MATRIMONY AGAIN?

NEVEN—IF I LOSE SAM, I'LL NEVER MARRY AGAIN

I PRESUME YOU THINK THERE ISN'T ANOTHER MAN IN THE WORLD LIKE SAM

ON DE CONTRARY—IT'S AFRAID DEH IS AND IT WOULD JES BE MY LUCK TO GET HIM

EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT, DEAR HEART, DON'T YOU THINK ABOUT ANYTHING BUT GETTING WELL.

It is wonderful to see how Mrs. Sol-

down the road was a motor repair shop, which she felt would play into their hands, as sometimes the owners of cars had many tedious moments to pass.

The first afternoon she told herself they really must not expect any one; but her heart beat high with expectation just the same, as she and Florence, in white muslin dresses and dainty aprons, waited in the cottage. Each table had a bunch of flowers in a glass tumbler, and there was a great bunch of buttercups and daisies in a jar on the piazza.

A man and woman driving through the country in a buggy were their first guests. A motorcyclist and one large automobile party made up the list for the day, and they thought it very encouraging, even if father did sniff a bit when told. Fred Emerson dropped in around six o'clock, just to cheer them up, he said. But it was noticeable that the cheering process lasted all through the prosperous season which followed.

The tea-house was a great success, on the whole, and when the time came to close it and Lucy counted up the exact profit, she was highly elated, and began at once to plan for the next year.

Her surprise was very great when her father told her that the cottage was no longer his to dispose of. It had been sold, and she must apply to the new owner for a lease, that owner being Fred Emerson.

For some reason, which she didn't quite comprehend herself, Lucy felt shy about going to him. But one day when she was alone at the cottage, putting away the last things for that season, Fred appeared. Lucy began at once.

"Father told me you had bought the place, Fred. I want to know if I can have it again next year, and what the rent will be."

It isn't necessary for us to know in just what words Fred told her that the house was hers on one condition, and that he had been determined to own it and install her as its mistress ever since the first day he watched her moving about in it, looking so sweet and dainty, serving tea to her guests. She must have accepted the condition, for the next summer saw the little cottage transformed into a comfortable, livable home, and there were biscuits and tea; but the order was for two.

Mrs. Albert Hemick of Maryland avenue is spending a few days at Little Falls.

HEALTH HINTS

If you would keep in health build your house to keep out heat.

The man who wants to keep well now gives as much attention to this problem as he does to keeping out the cold in winter time.

For a number of years the question of insulating dwellings against heat has been studied by German sanitarians and scientists, with the result that houses are now being built and so constructed as to afford material immunity from excessive heat. Think what this will mean to the crowded city dweller.

A study of pneumonia death rates shows that there are comparatively few deaths caused by cold. It would seem then more important to protect dwellers from heat than cold.

The ramshackle building of course is no protection against either. There can be no question but people should be properly housed. This means pro-

THE HEART

How It Acts in Every Day Life

The human heart, in a healthy man weighs but eleven ounces. It beats from long before birth until death, in an average lifetime, about seven million times, allowing seventy beats to the minute. Every twenty-four hours this slight organ performs labor equivalent to lifting a ton of material eighty feet into the air. If the blood becomes poor, and filled with poisons from diseased kidneys, the heart is not only starved, but poisoned as well. It soon becomes exhausted and unable to meet any extraordinary demand which may be made upon it. Supply pure blood; get the kidneys to working; tone up the feeble stomach! Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies the blood, relieves the kidneys and tones up the alimentary canal. Give the heart the food it needs and it will continue to work till the natural end of life.

Bumpass, Va.—"Before I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's medicines I suffered with pain in my shoulders, head and back, and had palpitation of the heart. I could hardly get up. Was in bed nearly all the time. I took Dr. Pierce's Medical Discovery and Favorite Prescription. I soon began to feel much better and could visit around in the neighborhood. I owe it all to Dr. Pierce's remedies. Would advise anyone thus afflicted to use 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription.' I also took the 'Pleasant Pellets' with good results."

"I thank Dr. Pierce for his medicines and kind advice and am glad to hear from him."—MRS. SEAN E. SIMS, R. F. D. 2, Bumpass, Va.

The modern improvement in pills—Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They help Nature, instead of fighting with her. Sick and nervous headache, biliousness, constiveness, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are prevented, relieved, cured.

"FLOWER POT" HAT NEW AND SMART



BY BETTY BROWN.

"Just like a flower pot standing on its head," you'll say.

"But if a flower pot is becoming, why not stand it on its head on your head?" retorts Miss Milliner.

This "flower pot" is almost brimless. The towering crown is black satin, trimmed with a band of grosgrain ribbon and two uncured ostrich tips, held at the back with a tailored bow of ribbon.

The sleeveless fur coat with its Louis 15th collar is one of the many fantastic little "wraps" with which Dame Fashion will unfold her favorites next winter. It's seal, brocaded with green and blue beads—velvet would look just as well—and such a difference in the price.

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tection from the weather be they what they may.

Properly insulating the walls and foundations of dwellings, so as to afford material protection from excessive heat, would also mean protection against cold in the winter, and reduction in fuel bills.

In tropical countries where the United States public health service is in charge, it insists upon rat-proof dwellings as a protection against Bubonic plague.

It is quite within the possibilities

that within the near future in large cities sanitation legislation will provide laws for the proper protection of city dwellers from the dangers and discomforts of torrid summers when adults suffer and babies die by the thousands.

HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED

J. O. B.—"How can I prevent head-rash on my baby?"

Dust her with talcum powder two or three times a day.

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Particularly adapted to be worn this coming Autumn Season as well as

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